Poetry.

Jeweis flashing in the air, Presents meet for Kings who wear Diadema; Only dewdrops on the leaves, Which the wand'ging fancy weaves Into gems.

Fairy palaces, tree-infolded, In the lines of beauty molded Bright and fair; Only sun-glints which are streaming Through the painted windows, seeming Rich and rare.

Sounds of wings celestial wheeling Through the heavens, and voices pealing On the breeze: Only evening which is falling; And the feathered songsters calling In the trees.

Till Pheebus in his beauty brings The gold-tipped Morning on his wings A-gleaming: And many-hued creation Sets the Soul's imagination

A-dreaming. "What is home without an oil can? What is home without a poker? What is home without a woman, And a man to hug and choke her? What is home without a garden, And a faithful wife to make it, And a darling whom the parents Both can often take and shake it?

Select Story.

HUGH KENRICK'S WILL.

THE STORY OF A POSY RING.

BY MARGARET HENT.

Author of "The Leaden Casket;" "Thorni-

croft's Model," de. de. "Now I have done it!" cried that lady to her husband, when she had signed her name. "I have written a letter that will plant a dagger at every turn! I mm so glad "

"You have written a letter which will show Merivale most clearly that your poor little sister was very much attached to him!"

"And won't that be the biggest dagger of them all? But of course I don't want him to think so, and I don't think that he will.

"I am sure he will."

"I can't help it, then. After all, he won't show my letter! It puts him in such a ridiculous position! Philip I am proud

"Does it strike you as lady-like, dear?" "I don't want to be lady-like-I want to be disagreeable! He will be ready to kill himself with vexation when he reads it .-You see he may spend his whole life in paying court to his uncle, and the old man may leave him nothing after all, whereas if he had been true to his love for Lucy, he would have had all this money now. It is splendid!"

"He will try to get her to forgive him." "There won't be much difficulty in persuading her to do that!" "Lettice!"

"Forgiving him is not marrying him! I am convinced that nothing will ever induce her to do that!"

All Mrs. Mostyn said was true; Lucy Ilderton was now a rich lady, and her wealth came from the odd old gentleman with whom she had traveled three months before. When she opened the lawyer's letter which had been forwarded to her by Aunt Esther, she learned this astound ing fact and had hardly recovered her surprise when she reached home. The lawyer's letter was a catalogue of riches and wealth. Lucy had a handsome furnished house in Chester Square, containing a gallery of ancient masters, folios of drawings and engravings, cabinets of Ves netian glass and china, and stores of fine old plate. She had horses and carriages, a large estate in Cumberland, and a vacht lying at Cowes. Mr. Kenrick had left her all he had, and had written her a letter which touched her inexpressibly. It was dated just two weeks before he died, and was as follows:-

My DEAR CHIED:-I am ill, and I begin to see that I shall not be able to keep my appointment with you, but that it is much more likely that before the 15th of September 1 shall have set out on my long journey from which no traveler returns. I have made my will; I have left you all that I possess. I have done this be-cause you are to me the living representative of my dear wife that was to have been. You are like her in face, form, and manner, and I think also that you are as good and sweet as she was. It pleases me to know that when I am gone, that one who resembles her so nearly will live in my old home, see the things which I gathered together for my pleasure and instruc-tion, and, I hope, enjoy them as I have done. I wish you never at any time to part with any of the land I leave you, or any of the houses, or any of the pictures, engravings, or books, or china. I beg you not to discharge any of my old servants, unless grave misconduct on their part should make such a step absolutely necessary, and of this they are incapable. If you do part with any of them provide for them hand-somely, and see that they are always safe from want.

"I entreat you to be a kind and indulgent mistress to men and women who have been treated more as friends than as servants. I wish you to take the surname of Clavering. You can guess whose name it was. If you ever marry, I make the condition that y husband takes my name, so that after all, a Clavering and a Kenrick may marry and live happily together in the houses which have seen such sorrow. All these things are stated, and properly provided for in my will; but I think you will like to hear what I wish in a letter to yourself. I have heard a little about you lately dear child, from some one who knows Litch-field and its neighborhood well. He says young Merivale is paying you great attention. Should you become engaged I wish you every hap-piness. Should any difficulty arise on the score of your want of fortune, I exhort you on no account whatever to renew the affair when you become rich. His hesitation will prove to be unworthy of you. Any man possessed of youth, health, and education can carve out a way to provide for the girl he loves, if only he loves her enough to work for her, and both love each other enough to bear a little privation. If he has in any way drawn back, give him up; and if he renew his sult when he hears your ices have changed for the better give him up still more. If you are content with halfbeartedness, or are soft-hearted and take him, you will regret it all your life. I advise you to live in your Loudon house at once, and not to go to Calderwater until next April. Take possession in Chester Square as soon as those slow folks the lawyers will permit you, and stay there quietly all the winter. I wish you to take lessons in music, drawing, painting, languages, or whatsoever you fancy, and to work really hard at whatever you decide to study. You may be a great proficient in these things already, but something remains for everyone to learn. I desire you to spend two hours daily in reading books likely to do you good, not poetry, and not novels. Buy what you read; do

that I bought will not feel ashames. An! now I shall miss my books! Keep up such of my charities as deserve to be keptup, and as a rule, remember that it is better to know the people to whom you give your money, but that is not always feasible. Think kindly of me, and to please me keep things as much as possible in order in which I leave them. I shall like to pic-ture you living in the dear old places, and to know that all is looking as it used to do. I do not know that the not know that this power is granted to us after death but it may be. Especially remember me on the day we met—the lith of June. And now farewell. Always act up to what you think is right. This is the last letter I shall ever write. right. This is the last letter I shall ever write. God bless you, child, and great this be for your happiness—if it be not, it is at any rate the last mistake made by your friend,

"HUGH KENRICK." Lucy and Aunt Esther were reading this letter for the hundredth time during the last four or five weeks. Lucy's eyes were full of tears. Aunt Esther did not see them.

She said as she always said when she read it: "What very odd ideas the poor dear gentleman had," and then, as Lucy did not make any reply, she added, "But then, you see, if he had been like all the rest of the world he would not have left what he had to you."

"What kind ideas he had!" said Lucy, I never thought of it before; but do you see why he tells me to take lessons and read so much ?"

"To improve your mind, my love," replied Aunt Esther, sententiously.

"Partly, no doubt, but more for the sake of preventing my wasting time in useless thoughts. Don't you see that he had heard of what was likely to happen at Litchfield, and that he wanted me to work hard that I might forget it the sooner? He tells me to think kindly on him the 15th of June. I think most kindly of him every hour of my life."

"And Lucy," said Aunt Esther, coming nearer to her and watching her very closely, "what about Mr. Merivale? I hope

you are forgetting him." Lucy shook her head.

"Are you happy, dear?" "Not about that yet. Don't let us talk

Aunt Esther had known that she could receive no other answer. She saw how very unhappy the poor child was and how bravely she struggled to be herself

again. Lucy had seen her future home, and many a time she fingered her own little collection of books, and hoped the books in Chester Square would not treat them with too great contempt. She had seen Mr. Kenrick's books. They were in a great big library, in stately bookenses which hid every bit of the walls, and shut in the wire-latticed doors. They were bound in Russian leather, or materials which the most alarming housekeeper told her were known as mottled calf and tree calf or velum-very stiff, solid, and untakedownable they looked. "Never mind," said Lucy, when she thought of them, "I'll read you most faithfully two hours daily, and I'll try to buy you some companions likely to be agreeable to

you." So much for the books; but when she thought of Mrs. Lishman, the housekeeper, and Mr. Sargill, the butler, she was terrified, for she did not see how by any effort of mind or will she could make herself acceptable to them. Both were old, dressed as stiffly and as handsomely as the books; both were full of old fashioned observances, and both evidently had their opinions fully formed on every sub-

Then came the departure from Highgate, and the last walk around the little garden, three times as big as the drawingroom, where the flowers would not grow properly. Lucy had a conservatory in Chester Square, which the gardener filled weekly with flowers, whose bright blosoms were crushed against the glass that the passers-by might see what a blaze of flowers there was in that house-a wealth of which those living within were for the most part unaware-for he only treated them to a back prospect.

CHAPTER IV.

At first Lucy's life in Chester Square was rather trying. She was so afraid of the servants that the chief aim of her existence was to try to make them not notice that she was in the house; but there were so many of them, and the furniture was so old fashioned and stately, her fee sank so deep in the soft carpets, the rooms were so large and strange to her, that she feared she should never feel at home there. Then, too, she could not read her grave, well-bound books which were to do ier so much good, without finding her attention wander, nor could she find a taste for china, or think her engravings anything but dull, or her pictures anything but dismal and dingy! People came sometimes and looked at them most reverently; the housekeeper, too, told her they were enormously valuable, and every time she was told so she went and looked at them again, fervently wishing that she could see their beauty. There was a cabinet of antique jewelry and this came more within the range of Lucy's comprehension. One day she was dull, for Aunt Esther had gone to pay the Mostyn's a short visit, and she herself had been dutifully reading for an hour or two in the library and was tired. She opened this cabinet, and while wondering at the strangeness and beauty of some of the necklaces and bracelets, began to put on one after the other, until at last she made herself look more like an Indian idol than anything else. She soon forgot what she was doing, and ceased to take any interest in the contents of her cabinet, while her thoughts turned to Hazelwood and all that happened there. Then she thought of the poor girl whose name she had taken, and whose place she seemed to fill, and wondered if she had ever been in this room, and had ever decked herself out in these jewels, and if Mr. Kenrick, whose portrait when a young man was hanging on the wall above her, had stood by admiring her, and telling her how beautiful she looked and how dearly he loved her? Her portrait, too, was there by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many an hour Lucy spent in looking at it. She, still decked in her jewels was earnestly looking at it now when the door opened quietly, and Mrs. Lishman came in. Lucy blushed; she was ashamed that the stiff and formidable Mrs. Lishman should ,see her thus bedizened with beads and bracelets, and hastily began to remove them, looking anxiously at Mrs. Lishman's face the while, to see if that good woman despised her friv-

"I came to see if you wanted anything, Miss Clavering. It is rather lonely for There was kindness in her tone, you." not subscribe to libraries—that weakens the mind—but buy what you want, and take a pride and kindness in her eyes. They were to stding works to my library to which those grey and honest, but usually very cold-

looking. Her face, though strongly marked, was not unpleasing. Her hair was twisted into tight, uncompromising little knots, and then skewered or pinned on each temple. These knots just appeared beyond her widow-like plain cap of softly pleated net. Mrs. Lishman always were a black silk dress and a net handkerchief fastened with a diamond pin which Mr. Kenrick had given her; but whenever this pin was lost, everyone in the house, from the Butler, whose figure did not lend itself readily to stooping, to the kitchen-maid, searched high and low until it was found.

"Thank you for thinking of me; I am rather dull," said Lucy gratefully. "I was looking at that picture;" and still she stripped off her adornments one by one, hoping all the time that Mrs. Lishman had not seen them.

"That picture is the very moral' of you, Miss Clavering."

"You know, Mrs. Lishman, that is why Mr. Kenrick left this house to me. Do you mind his having left his property to me?" asked Lucy, humbly.

"That depends," replied Mrs. Lishman guardedly. "I think not; but I'll see how things go on before I pronounce a judg-"Mrs. Lishman, Mr. Kenrick told me he

wished me to keep everything as he had it. You will help me to obey him won't "Naturally, Miss Clavering, I shall see

to that," said Mrs. Lishman, and her state of mind was indecipherable. "If you have any spare time, Mrs. Lish-

man, I wish you would go through the house with me and tell me a little about Mr. Kenrick-where he used to sit, I mean, what he did, and as much as you can about

"There is not much to tell about him, Miss. He was, so to speak, a very inwardminded gentleman." "I thought he talked very openly when

I saw him." "He took to you, you see, Miss, along of the likeness. It was not his way to strike up with strangers readily, I can assure

you of that." Mrs. Lishman took Lucy into all the rooms, and after about an hour spent in this way she condescended to say, "So far as I can see at present, Miss Clavering, I think you and I might do very well to-

gether." "I am so glad to hear you say that!" cried Lucy-and truly this semi-gracious speech did make her very happy. The last room they entered was a little sittingroom upstairs in which Lucy often spent an hour or two.

"I often see you here, Miss Clavering," said Mrs. Lishman. "It was furnished to be young Mrs. Kenrick's boudoir, I believe. It was before my time, of course, but I have heard all about it."

"But," said Lucy, "was the wedding so near? I never knew that?"

"Mrs. Hugh Kenrick, ma'am, as was to have been, died most unfortunately just a short fortnight before her wedding-day." "How very dreadful!"

"Yes, it was a pity! Not that I am one hat holds much with marrying; but then this was a wedding as had a right to be, for they both loved each other like-like nothing I can think of strong enough to compare them to," said Mrs.-Lishman .-There was no looking to anything but their love and respect for and ether in either of them. That made him have a good right to fret for her when she was

How Mrs. Lishman's words struck home! Lucy knew that she had "no right" to fret for Robert Merivale, for his love for her was nothing like so strong as is love for money and ertheless her heart knew its own bitterness!

Just at this moment a card was brought to Lucy. Mrs. Lishman watched her face as she read the name on it. and was sure it was the name of some one whom she did not wish to see. "Sir Richard Merivale." Lucy looked at the man who brought it, as if to see whether any way of escape remained open to her.

"The gentleman is in the library, madam," said he. "He told me to say that he desired to see you on a matter of pressing

Her impulse was to refuse to see him, out on second thoughts she went. Sir Richard Merivale was all but a stranger to her. A grey-haired, brisk little man of sixty stood in the library, hat in hand.— I must apologize, madam, for this intrusion, but it was my duty to come, and I came, and I hope before we part you will say that I did right."

Lucy bowed; she felt that she could not

peak. "Upon my word, young lady, you are very pleasantly situated here. Very! I ike these Chester Square houses particularly; I always did. Well, I had better tell you why I came-business first, and pleasure after. It has come to my knowledge that my nephew. Robert Merivale, was very much attached to you, and, honestly speaking, I don't wonder at it; but that he was kept back from proposing to you by a strong feeling that I should not approve of such a step. I knew nothing about it at the time, or I could easily have set that right, indeed I should not have disliked the task of making his offer for him. He, however, said nothing to me, but let you go away without securing you. Nay, more, he says he wrote to tell you how fond he was of you, but that he had a Turk of an uncle, who insisted on his marrying some lady of good position in the county. He ought to have spoken to me; he never did. I call that carrying respect and duty, and that kind of thing, to fanaticism; but he has suffered well for it! I did not know what was going wrong, but he became more and more dismal every day, and at last the whole thing came out, and he and I laid our heads together, and thought if I came and ate humble-pie for a thing, by the way, which was no fault of mine, for your name was never mentioned between us, you would forgive him and take him into favor again. Now will you?"

All Lucy's attempts to interrupt this ong speech had been cut short; but now he was looking steadily at her and waiting for an answer. "Come, now, say you will forgive him. He is as fond of you as a man can be; he always was, and he is wretchedly unhappy!"

"I am very sorry he is unhappy," began Lucy. "I was sure you would be-I told him

"Yes, but I do not wish to ever see him again. I must refuse to do that." "What? Piqued? But have I not just

told you that it is my fault? He misunderstood my wishes; he paid too great respect to them. I really think you ought to forgive him."

"You may say that I forgive him entirely. In fact I do not know that I have any right to be angry with him." "Oh, yes, you have. He had no right to go so far and then turn back. Now do

tell me one thing-had you any liking for

Lucy blushed crimson. It cost her a struggle, but she said "I liked him very much indeed."

"I admire your sincerity; then tell me whether if he had offered at that time, you would have accepted him?"

"Sir Richard, it is of no use to talk of this now! He did not offer to me. He told me then that he could not give up his chances of advancement for my sake. He took his line then, and I, of course, accepted it. Nothing could ever make me feel for him now as I did before."

"Not when you hear what I tell you?" "No, not when I hear what you tell

"I think that if you saw him-if you heard his justification from his own lips

"I have his letter. I never could like him again after reading that. I must ask you to say no more on this subject. My mind is made up. Nothing can change Inc.#

"He really was a most confounded fool!" said Sir Richard, heartily. "He wrote that letter without consulting me. People call me a cross old curmudgeon; but I am certain of one thing, and that is that I can take a generous view far more quickly than they can. Well, but child, don't be so very firm and decided. People stiffen themselves up, and think it very grand and fine to be unforgiving, when a little kindness and generosity would be for their own happiness too."

"I could never be happy with anyone I did not respect, and I do not respect him."

"If you saw him, you might believe him, when you do not believe me."

"I do believe you, but you have said nothing to make me alter my opinion of the past. It is past-leave it-let us say no more about it."

"But I want you to be my niece," pleaded Sir Richard. "You will be coming down to Litchfield some day soon, won't you?"

"Yes, but you must excuse me if I decline to see your nephew when I am there."

"Oh, no, now don't be so hard! It is not your real nature to be so. I can see This was true. Lucy's heart was plead-

ing Sir Richard's cause with all its might She found the battle a very bard one. "You will be happier if you do as I ask you," said he.

"Oh! please Sir Richard, leave me," cried poor Lucy, piteously. "You must not say any more—indeed I will never see him again."

He left ber, and hardly had he gone before she flung herself into a corner of the sofa and sobbed convulsively—the strain had been almost beyond her strength .-Before many minutes had passed, the door opened once more. Lucy did not look up; her eyes were full of tears, her heart very sore, her head very weary; her only thought was, "He has come back. Oh! I cannot, cannot bear to go through all that again. How cruel!"

Some one came towards her, flung himself on his knees took her hand. She turned and looked through her tears-it was Robert Merivale himself!

"Lucy, my dear, dear Lucy, you do love me a little! You are crying. You are unhappy. Have some pity on me. Have some belief in me. I have loved you, and you only, ever since I first saw you." Then she sprang to her feet, and tore

her hand away from him. "Spare me!" she said faintly. "Why are you here?"
"I ought to be here! Lucy, you are not

happy."
"I know I am not. I do not deny it,"

said she.
"You do love me a little, Lucy." "I know I do."

"Ah! Thank God! My uncle made me so wretched. He said there was no hope for me; but there is a chance of happiness yet."

"Not in the way you mean. I never can forgive what happened at Hazelwood! It is cruel of you to give me this pain .-You ought not to have come here! I've been trying to overcome what I felt for you. I was getting over it-and now you come and I shall have to begin afresh."

love me a little. I love you most passionately! My darling Lucy, let us love each other and be happy." "I happy with you, after that letter-"

"No, you shall not begin. You own you

"How cruel to remind me! Don't you know that it was written wholly and solely because-

"Oh!" cried Lucy, "spare me all that! I know it so well."

"But, Lucy, you must have seen that I loved you!"

"Valuable love, indeed!" cried Lucy. "It was true-you were not much more than a girl when I first saw you; I loved you then, and I have loved you ever since! So help me God, I have not known a happy hour since last I saw you!" He saw a movement of impatience and disbelief, and cried, "You do not believe me-I tell you I nearly shot myself one night lately! I should have done it if it had not been for my uncle. He said he would come and talk to you."

"No talking can change me," said Lucy. "Listen to the feeling in your own heart, which tells you to forgive me and to love me-you know you would be happier if you yielded-Dear Lucy you do not know how good I will be to you."

Lucy was still standing by the sofa-he was standing by her-her eyes were cast down; she dared not let them meet his .-His voice made her tremble, his words stirred her profoundly. She saw his hand quivering with desire to clasp hers which was near it; she knew she loved him still. Alas, she knew also that she despised him, and that if she lived to be a hundred, she should never cease to do so when she remembered that letter. Would it be possible to love him and set it aside? She wondered if that could be.

What if she drove him to kill himself? Now when he left her she would be more miserable than ever, for that dread would be added to her other pain. She felt his fingers touch hers-should she-could she yield? She felt his hand close on hers, and still she stood as if spell-bound. "Lucy," said he, "my whole life shall be spent in showing my love and grati-

tude." Then he was making sure of forgiveness.

Her strength came back to her; she wrenched her hand away-"Oh, no, no no," she cried, "you are are quite wrong! I cannot listen to you. I de not believe in your love. You cannot make me believe in it. Good-bye, and for ever." Before he could prevent her she was gone. She dared not stay :- the temptation to listen to him, and thus at once and forever to quiet the aching pain she felt in her heart was so great. She was true to be resolution; if she had stayed she might perhaps have yielded. She ran back to the room where she had left Mrs. Lishman, and to her surprise found her still there, walking up and down and waiting for her. She did not know that the poor woman was feeling very anxious about her. Lucy saw a motherly look in Mrs. Lishman's face-a look of pitying kindness. She ran up to her and threw her arms around her, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Lishman, I am such a poor miserable girl!"

"My poor lamb, I am afraid so." "Will he follow me, do you think?-Make him go if he does. I cannot, can-

not see him again." "You shall not see him unless you like! You have come bravely out of it, I can see that," said Mrs. Lishman, who knew all that could be told by the Mostyns' servants, and by the familiar process of putting two and two together.

"If I only had Aunt Esther here," said

Lucy, "I am so alone!" "Not alone," said Mrs. Lishman, "leastways not if you will count me as anybody. Miss Clavering, if you will trust me, I'll do anything I can for you." After that day, if Mrs. Lishman had been Lucy's own mother she could not have been more devoted to her.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1880-iyr.

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